THE MYSTERIOUS RIBOLOGY BEIMBEN MAN & GOD

poetry of confession

grademption

written during the covid summer 2020



This text, as with most texts penned by this amateur enthusiast, suffers from an undeniable verbosity, a grandiloquence so emblematic to my style that not even the sentence lamenting it – which is the sentence you read in this very moment – could hope to be rid of it. So be it. It has become the only style I know how to approach.

Furthermore, I banish Titivillus from this text I so have verily penned in the glory of God! Now and forever, begone, O wicked devil of deceit, corruptor of the Noble Word, poisoner of the Logos-Well!

Blessed be the freedom which God gave me. Blessed be my pen. And I praise: blessed be the Virgin, the saints and all the winged angels, as I track my thoughts in an ink as honest as black it is!

LET US PRAISE NOW THE LORD.

I deluded myself as having been made of glass, therefore, extremely precious. But my delusion shook and horizons shivered and I spasmed and I howled and I seizured. There was no grace, there was no absolution. The maggots burrowed pathways through the flesh which encased me and trapped me in this world inextinguishably burning on a thick oil of sin's cauldron ever boiling. And I envied the integrity by which they carried themselves and their tireless task with industry and ever exertion. The maggots burrowing their way through my gut have more dignity than I, ever. They can not philosophize their filth. They do not know their filth. They can not reason about it or make some judgement on it. I, however, I knew my filth, and I tolerated it. When my moments came, I chose sin, and that is altogether the fruit of my own doing. I am a culprit with a dagger of coal. Another lifeless source, an end of contamination, another sealed cycle, another body broken in the wheel of time. A bloody boar's skin I cloak in, and a staff of depleted spells I brandish – but weakly! A thirst for doubt I could not quench: my tongue was parched – from belief. Poverty, abstinence, humility, compassion. Strength, ardor, asceticism in silence, in gratitude and in merciful solitude – this is the Holy way but I did not choose it, and, in my case, not choosing it is sincerely a choice of cowardice, and not one of strength. For me, strength is a ghost encroaching upon the lamented, pathetic reality I call mine. I rear from pain and distress! Which means I cannot handle it. On stranger loops I get stuck, and time never lasts when you discomfort in sempiternity.

Like a maid brings cloth to the river, I brought the golden mystery to a creek of waste and pollution as to let it rinse, wash therein! But what soiled holy silk can be cleansed with filth-water?

Encased into the stone of history I am as an immortal pig amongst men: immortal, yes, but what pork does not rot sour in infinity?

I am unreliable in the outcome of my attempts of chastising myself. My mind and my flesh and my thoughts are all melted together into a new substance foreign even to myself, and I can not recognize it as human. I command my evil thoughts to cease but they simply do not. I doubt and I wail. I hold no mastery over the self. I try to abdicate my crown and spire, but my throne has no pretenders. My cape and robe and my purple shirt are all coal in the fire of my homestead. I evoke malignant psychic material. Memorial cadavers, remnants of some trauma. The feeling of giving up on future itself. A length of days I shall not acquire, and fortitude of spirit remains but an ideal in my heart. Nerve, guts, gallantry - ghastly spectres haunting my house! The gaze of a hero I have...but on my back, burning, as I turn away from challenges! By way of sins and spoiled chances, I shall be led to an abyss of fire, and I shall be contained therein until but coal and shame remain there down! I have met and I spoke with the harpies of the night! They are nasty creatures. Together we wandered aloof through the whistling vapors of hell. We were harassed by the madness of hungers – religious hunger; amorous hunger; emotional hunger and all the rest of them. We drank from the sullage of heaven and leapt then forthwith into hellmouths. I am shit, I am flesh, I am mud. Dirt, rubble, ruin. A naked fetus I am – in front of the Lord but none else. I am fallen and destitute and to my own ruin I am doomed. My skin boils and my heart, a weird and gloomy thing: a fortress as useless keeping things in as it is keeping things out, it has become. Its moat is shallow and a sewer. Its gates are crumbling and dusting. Its stonework is rickety and unstable and the peasantry all around it is stricken with drought, poisonous wells and the devilish hunger for food. Things here need work and things here need care: with the exception of honey and art, left to its own devices, everything goes from okay to bad to worse. And this is a rule which applies to the existentialism of man also.

Mammon and Belial in me I cannot seem to evict. In sudden rages of confusion, I try to unroot from matter as to float like some fairy in the aether. I try desperately to forget my body but my body refuses to forget me back. To enter the storm one person and to walk out another, I try. And I cry, I shiver, I moan! Shemihazah... I am you. I am possessed by the spirit of you – but possess I like you the resolve to forswear heaven? Indeed, I am naked and I throb like Shemihazah – but then, do we not all in front of the Lord? And if not by sheer will, then by forced submission under God's nature? For I am caught in the burning eye of ha-Shaitan! I struggle to breathe in the whirl which traps souls down there below the earth in the sewers of everything we can understand, and when down there, not even the Devil will care of my worth enough to do my slave-market's bidding! My soul pines for eternity – but how guileless I really was! I had a laughable concept of the immortal, the perennial, the eternal and ever glorious. And by consequence I fell victim to the most savage of its very

enemies, and my mind fed the moth of time in endless, destructive cycle – for the scariest pestilence of them all was the temporality by which I feared being itself. I wanted a glimpse of heaven, and sneak in I tried to – I failed! But nothing to lose I had – I thought. Gorged by the bayonets of border-patrol angels at the crossroads of heaven and earth I fell dead. Now – will my soul retreat ever backward into that great, anxious nothing after this failed, sneaky attempt at trafficking my way into heaven?

I am silent in Gods' court. But God knows I am sorry for it! Right? So why am I stricken, accursed yet? Where is all the solace? Where is the forgiveness? Why not? Am I not deserving? Did I not sing your praise, at least, as I fucked and ate and lied my way into hell? Where is your grace when I so need it, when I crawl with filth and bug? When I trade water for drugs and food for hugs and sex for affirmation? Where are all the beautiful angels with marble faces and red, scary eyes? Where is the Heavenly Host and echelon of Cherubim with their powerful, flaming swords? Where are the grapes of heaven, the blood-wine and flesh of Jesus? Where sound the harps in orchestral beauty? Where is delivered all the sermons? Where is procured the grace and absolution? And where are your mighty redemptive storms, the bluest exonerating fires blessed? Whence comes your graceful shower of care, warmth's hug and balsam, all benign pests of clemency, of pity?

Silence, silence, silence! Holy Reticence in the disguises of Evil! How it torments me! But I understand now. I understand the silence. I deserve it all! The shame and the heavy feelings. My shame has really been my sword! And it is the crown on my scalp — the crown marks the walls of my inner garden, protecting whatever left inside there is. The chaplet is of false and tainted gold, and white pearls of sinful ejaculate tarnish the crest of my royalty! Obese with anxiety I am and to balance precisely on the right side of madness I try. I wield the sword of Aidos but weakly — I cannot even muster its very weight! And what embarrassment it is, anyways, to brandish the spire of self-capitulation as if an emperor of it! To wear trinkets of bejeweled regalia as but a filthy impostor, a rat...

The somnolent morality of the present Godless era hexes me and seduces me – not as sleep or dreams or some means of escape but with evil and gruelling nightmares paradoxically! Yes. I was seduced by a mare. And look at me now! Demons, demons everywhere. I devour sin with savage mouth! And we must understand, that the Devil is a gas seeping through the tiniest of cracks, and we must know that His breath is a foul perfume and a stink of existence – harassing smog of deathly vexation. When one moment of sin ends, another, new one, just takes its place. And in the center of the labyrinth there is no Minotaur, but a mirror, which is worse even.

I am a dog! Unable am I to stop, and discipline is but a mountain in some distant, distant horizon. It has come to my understanding that discipline is what separates man from beast, and I try to order a morality around that insight – but I cannot seem to implement it. I seemingly study with ardor laziness and selfpity and indulgence! That is how I act anyway! And I contour the aesthetics of vice with my coarse brush... Yes – I make a pitiful sort of sport out of selfcontamination! I am the corrupt king, the apostate. I drink tears of young children from goblets as to replenish a dried, parched eye once fixating on the palace in the sky but not anymore, not even a bit. I am a dog, yes, but You are out there somewhere, still. And I must believe in redemption. A Holocene between ages of cold, Satanic chaos are You, and for reason of your existence I am grateful because I cannot help but to find myself mysteriously out here in life, and I must fend much like everyone else, mustn't I? Faith becomes pivotal, crucial, instrumental.

God is the dissolving agent I long for, and I try to beware – and by knowledge and sense be forewarned – of the lecherous traps and pitfalls appearing before life's every pilgrim when orienting those vast expanses from the perspective of a human all too human. But I persist in prayer and I persist in faith. And therein I find a latibule! A spider's nest, a dwelling hole, some kind of Holy, silent repose! I fell into a godless hole – without rope! I lived in there, dwelled without hope. But now I understand that the least I could do to honor you is to become your soldier! To become clearsight's eunuch, to rid the flesh of sin and of its thousand evil blemishes! I want to take my every future step in the name of You, and I have become interested in the concept of spiritually destroying the male gonad and strangling all the energies of gluttony and perversion flowing, streaming out therefrom. It can well be the case that the spiritual contract between man and his beatitude is contingent on the clause of celibacy as much as it is on drudgery. It can well be the case also, that the spiritual contract between man and his highest Holy is foreboding on the matter of lust and onanism and is adamant on the aversion to material and sensual affluence. If this is true, I will die a pig or a dog, not worthy of Holy Mary's gentle grace nor of any other blessing care or repose... I was – and am – not courageous enough. Human, all too human. My flesh says, I do. Yes, I can say this - whether faith may conquer flesh! That is the central question of my spiritual existence.

I seek redemption. Filled to the brim of the soul with a great magnitude of malaise I struggled, and struggled, and struggled. I vanished without much trace into an endless kind of noise. A mediocre static I became, a grey speck of dust appearing and disappearing like some orb in the corner of ones' eye; some faint, meaningless flicker between colorful and interesting worlds. Holy, holy spirit – strike me with grace and brazen flame! Grant me keys and strength and power again – as once I had. I could move the might of mountains by way of vision

alone! Come mercy and apocalypse, send them as terrors and whirlwinds! A storm unhinges! And in the eye of that storm, I stand looking for a God not seemingly fully there, but meditating in the toxomists I am for the glory of the grace of this God nevertheless. Because I believe I know You are. I think I have faith in that You are. As some dots of colorful splashing on the eigengrau canvas of everyday existence You are. And I seek beauty. As a brief but mighty melody cutting through glass air before vanishing without much trace into the bleak dullness of things which obscure mysteriously the origin from wherever it came, You are. And I seek music. In Your breath, I feel the powerful urge to defend something with flesh and will and with weapon. In these days, an admiration of holy martyrdom for good and even for evil causes I curate. And in this good and in this evil, I see through cracks something truly great. No. Something Great, even. A distrust of the general and an open mockery of mediocrity I procure through living my peculiar and unique philosophy. I cede nothing of my innermost being to the rat hands of scientists. Flesh and matter they shall speak of, but not of me. I shall not relinquish the God-given freedoms in whose phenomena I flourish to the dictates of some new and abominable Mammonfaith, just because the false proselytes of this perverse and false devil tell me to do just that. Rather, I become inspired: I reckon there is evil out there, and that I shall avoid it, by the grace of God. I think, armed with conscience alone, you could prove – at least to yourself – the existence of objective metaphysical evil. Small children are used and abused on a daily basis, but what person could possibly do such a heinous deed? How could someone gather the pathos to rape and torment someone for the gluttonous sake of pleasure? A twisted and gross and vile human being if any! I think evil is fundamentally elemental but it manages nevertheless a reach into the most material of things, and only, I think, by accepting the physical presence of this evil can we come to accept it morally, as a moral reality. Evil is a weed in a garden of hibiscus, a thick obnoxious root, a fungus on something other struggling to rid it. It is a vine clinging on the outside walls of castles, ever too low, ever too brittle as they often are. How is it that some men are immune to the joyous mirth of infants? How is it that some men break the law of flesh, lusting primally, failing with the discipline of the body? It seems they cannot muster the agency required to delimit themselves from themselves as agents of primeval masculinity. Their soul failed and their beasts took over. A poison-dart aimed at every hero — so, never succumb. There exists in every one of us a type of desire that is terrible, wild, destructive, lawless and spiritually terrorist in nature. Man is a deep gorge, an abyss. Man is likewise fond of exploring abysses. Man is an explorer of himself and a creator of art inasmuch as a creator of himself. Man is the marble but as well the sculptor. But God is however the creator of the mountain from where the marble came.

I adulate my own uniqueness and the potential for that uniqueness to become excellent. But my adulation is no apostate thing, nor is it a blind idolatrous sin -because I know my place. I recognize the vast expanse between my soul and God's being, or rather, at least, I recognize the confusion with which I do not at all understand Him. But i know too that my uniqueness is but an avenue of trying getting there, and my claim to uniqueness and potential excellence does not negate my claim to humility nor my claim to a sincerest fear of God! My instinctive belief lies in the primacy of the Self in every woman and man, through which God may speak a tongue of flame none else can utter or give oxygen to. And I try to remain the light of God in my chest and in my lungs and in my mind as the human masses tumbling forward try to appropriate it, failing however clumsily. As the world becomes marred with the ways of modernity, with its culture of sectarian collectivism, moral-religious nihilism and all the filth of its depravations, I am inimitable in my character and personality and that is the most beautiful grace I have ever known. I praise, Thank the Lord for it. My heart becomes my booth of confession, my inner dwelling cave: outside I cannot make sense of any God – outside mostly smells of piss and asses' manure. Everywhere I look, garbage! – and from it, I so become. I become an extension of this garbage. How am I supposed to remember and honor a history written with these feathers false with lie and deceit, promulgated on these filthy pamphlets and memorialized, revered as greatest prose, defended, lauded, evangelized, celebrated? How am I to put on some pedestal this toilet-paper literature, and how am I to hear these broken poetics of mute and wing-torn nightingales, how they twitter their warbles of unhope and their weak springsong muttered and stuttered deep from the syrinx of their own debased subterfuge? The world is a world of human garbage. And its a world of rudeness! The impostor's unapologetic mimicry of greatness is an affront. Truly, the vortices of human defeatism roars with the ever memetics of avoidance. And its prophecy speaks of drought, of death and of doom...

The people toil upwards without much choice under heavy yokes of addiction, constrained by copper fetters, masked with the blackest, a most coarse leather as not to speak, not to impress with humility and destitution whatever folk will pity them along their pitiful way. Masters of the various arts of morphinism and alcoholism, of every kind of vice and addiction under this sun, hungover from the unearned privilege, choleric and spiritually malnourished, hollowed out, like voided shells, from the empty ejaculations of many sad, bestial moments and from the spiritual destitution present in the hearts of every person construing the eternal as temporal; the Sacred as Profane, the sinful as liberating, and the fear of God as some form of superstitious decrepitude or impotence. From the foothills of the world to nauseous heights of elation the procession proceeds, along vertiginous trails of failed hedonia snaking upward through velvet fields

and through the gate of diamonds only to fall from grace, from the top, and to repeat the chore again and again and again, as soon as they hit the ground.

A procession of Sisyphean morons stuck like hamsters looping in their wheels, like slavefolk pining for their very bondage to be eternal.

Come God! Come Lord! Pierce their eyes open with splinters! And their prodigal hearts shall be wounded from the lance of self-insight, striking hard from the left side! And from the right comes the bludgeon-throw to their spiritual livers, gurgitations of upset gall! And they bleed the black muck of their own reprobate wanton flowingly to a sad ground cloaked in funerary shadowry! This is their existence: a history of failure and destitution, tirades of empty moralism, exhibitions in shallowness, contests in vice and vanity. Glorifications of hedonistic inhibitions, orgies of sin and flesh. Resolve, mystery, constraint – abandoned! Here is no strife! Here is no sacrifice! "Just we fuck, drink and laugh enough!". In the end times, only the surface nuisances of a planet burning at its core seemed interesting – nothing was real in those last days. To hell with the hedonistic rapture, you ushered in! For I am indeed part of it, and this part of me I hate...

I have hated many parts of myself, of course. For the longest time, I cherished Gnosticism, and perceived it to be, so to say, "my" strain of Christianity. I adulated its insistence on the spiritual, and I still do that. I admired its inherent asceticism, still do. However, I am not as boneheadedly sure anymore. I have coerced myself to ponder: did Gnosticism initially speak to me because I was physically weak and unhealthy myself, and the Gnostic *spirit-body* dichotomy fanaticism allowed me to "legitimize" a furthering, a worsening of that physical ineptitude and general unhealth, weakness?

I must understand that we, as human souls, can not drink, laugh and fuck our way into heaven. I can try that, I can buy that product, that lifestyle choice so many folks these days commercialize, glamorize and put on mass media shelves. Yes, I can fall for the lie and the apparent glamour of it, just like a sad person might do for heroin, but just because it gleams, it is not valuable! We are not crows – remember that. Humans. *Humans*. Do not chase whatever shines. We are human beings. I am a human being – I am not just here. We are, and we become. We do not float in the aether like some vapor without purpose nor direction. We highly exist in the flesh. Your fullest capacity is always anchored – and at least in some way related to – your corporality. And that is not an argument against transcendence either. I must understand that before I continue on the journey towards salvation.

I will say this: my personal "discovery" of nutrition, bodily health and my subsequent adoration of athleticism came with a newfound respect for St. Irenaeus, along with parts of the heresiology I youthfully and so stubbornly discarded as ridiculous just some half-decade ago. Now, rather, I want to

develop a kind of kickboxer existentialism! A runner's faith! I echo the insistency of Irenaeus: body, body, body! It is important. We must train the body in order to be able to rule it. True devotion is managing to direct it at both faith *and* health. Salvation is a matter of the whole person – body *and* soul! I think the mysterious tribology between Man & God happens inside the human *body*, through the distinctly human *experience* of that body, along with the human *soul* which solicits all that.

And I will not allow myself to fully sink into either of the two; soul or body. I do not think I like this fervent dichotomization anymore! I am I. I am fullness, a circle, a pre-programmed system waiting for code. I am not *either-or*, not in the slightest. I am a man of flesh and I strive to become Aurelian in my stoicism; Kierkegaardian in my introspection; Nietzschean in my existentialism – and Shevchenko-esque in my discipline and athleticism! These are my ideals. And no enemy will steal that from my heart.

You may bind my hands with twine, you dog, but I exist under different jurisdiction: I work under Truth and Holy Justice and I try to the highest of my human ability to promulgate on barren earths the Divine law, by which all other, written, laws are put aflame! There is no doubt that, in this world, there are all sorts of people who seem successful, look beautiful, dress well, and have a myriad many followers and subjects to whom their influence becomes a focal point of almost saintlike adulation; and it is almost to be treated as a natural law, that the clueless admirer will likely end up admiring something equally, or even more clueless. There are likewise no doubts that many of these are empty inside, canisters of spray paint of the most acute color but emptied, who do not feel either moral or spiritual aspirations in balance with the (often undeserved) respect and admiration with which society and modern culture blesses them.

In light of this I affirm the inequality of man in this world. I never found two people to be perfectly equal. Neither in the eyes of myself nor in the eyes of the world! God may see it so that we are honestly and really equal – that, when the day comes, we be measured by the same rod, and judged in accord with consistent principles of existential, moral and spiritual Law – but that is the work of the Divine tribunal, and I shall leave it up to God to show that never do God do mock trials, and I shall have faith in this. For I believe that God believes that Justice is Divine. But neither I nor the world – nor any other individual – can properly and plausibly inculcate the equality of man as some natural or moral law, and when I or any other individual does, he or she tells a lie. Only in the tribunals of Heaven are we pure. Only in the tribunals of Heaven will character, and character alone, be on trial. Down here, nothing is equal and everything matters, because down here we are not merely weighed by the token of our soul, and down here, the world is constituent of more parts than merely

the spiritual stuff from which our personalities emerged and to which we will return after our days have been surely counted.

You can be sanctimonious and idealistic in your opposition, however spoiled and privileged it may be, to force and to war and to violence and to the everself-legitimization of revenge; but frolicking on fields of peace and love, while sweet, is sweet only insofar as you do not frolic upon it with someone of an altogether different attitude. Pacifism will always be conquered by that which wants to conquer it, and as long as anti-pacifism exists, that is, as long as conflict and violence persist amongst men, pacifism will have not a chance, and it becomes a great paradox and an insoluble problem how pacifism will ever conquer the forces in opposition to it, forces who wish no other than to destroy it, suffocate it, torture in it its very cradle. I must conclude that, with the state of the world as it is, pacifism is a corpse and only in the minds of flower-sniffing clowns walking hand-cuffed 'round a grave of perennial silence is there really any concept or hope for such a thing. I believe it is possible to fall in love with the concept and I believe it is possible for the human soul to romanticize it out of sentimentality, but I believe it holds no traction in the reality of worldly affairs. I understand the idea and I understand the vision but I do not believe in its ultimate possibility.

It may well be the case that democracy and pacifism but caters to the silly whims and weaknesses inherent to the human phenomenon and not to the great powers and potentials sleeping darkly even farther, deeper within it. Democracy per-se legitimizes, on a human level, mass idiocy, and caters to, teases, meek and feeble psychological intuitions and morally corruptive natural predilections within man. We are force-fed the idea that democracy is the natural state and that is the apex of cultural evolution. We have a very hard time understanding that evolution does not necessitate progress exactly. Evolution can transform things progressively, regressively, or just neutrally change them. All evolution can not constitute progress. Animals die out not only because of human interference but because they simply perish in some grand, evolutionary fluke. The same principle applies to the evolution of human culture. In ancient times, war and soldiery was glory, but in the great wheel-turns of time, things change. In the democratic-humanitarian pacifist project of today, we denigrate and warp the role and virtue of military sacrifice in the name of woke modernity; we want to conveniently dispose of the remembrance of the great defenders of our nation, our civilization, our race, our land and our God – all in the name of the delusion of this "social progress". Social progress apparently means social decline. Modern civilization is by definition and mechanism a total suffocation of the heroism otherwise, in any other time and place, innate in its culture. Modern civilization has become mechanized, digitalized, automated - spiritually and heroically impoverished. There is no discipline, no courage left. Everything has

become reduced to a falsely prudent, highly regulated and hierarchical relationship between the state and the human being – a human being never having lost self-efficiency and inner power because we nowadays are born without it: what you do not have you can not lose. Do not let modernity and its civilizatory nihilism syncopate the breathings of life and sun itself within you. Ask yourself – is there any religious sense to the idea of enriching the world by diabolically undermining it? Can terrorism be justified in the face of all this? I would not know, but you should – and you shall – ask the question.

Just as no cartographer nor any historian can properly and fully experience the reality of that which they try to communicate, no theologian nor any religious seeker can properly understand the full property of the very God they claim to worship. All language fails with God, the mystery dissolves all. All language fails in describing God. All logic fails with respect to God. Reason holds little value in the inner gardens of theology, in the pairi daeza of human religious ideation, but in the material realm where God and matter meet, reason is pivotal and makes all the difference. Pseudo-Dionysius! You taught me that no God is understood by affirmation, because we simply don't know what it is we should affirm. And I give praise to you, Areopagite. You say: all names and theological descriptions of God must be negated, and negated, and negated. You evoke the Divine silence, the darkness of unknowing. You said to travel upward, up the chain of abstractions where even negations fail to describe the mysteries, the true apophaticism which outlines but poorly the most acute verisimilitude of the fundamental truth we can possibly phenomenologically comprehend, spiritually survive. Nothing merely human can rationally comprehend the Divine, so we had to become something else which we in fact discovered we already were: potential agents of holy transcendence. By the same token, nothing merely human can claim to fully know whether there are eternal, universal values coming from this eventual God or if it is that we just happen to believe that. I gravitate towards the latter, but that is not some denigration of religion – it is the opposite: it is a radical embrace of belief and of faith.

People. People everywhere. Opinions, perspectives, commentaries. Tedious, naive tirade. I deny the majority any traction of superiority by fact alone of their majority. The majority is not great. The majority is not Holy – necessarily. The principle of majority can hardly direct human society with success for sustained eras of time, since the majority unavoidably – not only implies but implements – an exponential accumulation of ignorance that can not be avoided. And ignorance is a nemesis to everything which could — with some confidence — be called societal, religious, or even civilizatory, progress. Men, women and children – human beings – are not ants, nor termites, nor a colony of bees, but our societies are incredibly analogous, and the sooner we understand that there is always some manner of hierarchy in every social system, the sooner we can

rise to the relevancies of existence and respond to the challenges they present. Men, women and children are not ants nor bees: a roaring tide of anonymous faces life can be, and we get caught in it, and we gasp for breath in a panicked vortex of eyes and screaming mouths. We drown in there, in the chaos of it which forever morphs ever-darkening, but we struggle with our hearts and our spirits to keep afloat, and we swallow the tumbling waters filling our lungs and throats with the paradoxical despair of feeling alone in the very center of people. We need the balance of darkness and solitude and the deepest nasal breath to mitigate the paradoxical darkness which might emanate from altogether too much light or altogether too much darkness.

We are somehow prone to fetishize or romanticize the atmospheres and depressions of loneliness and alienation, the thunderous clouds and rainstorms whipping, the massive curtain above us, descending aflame, falling upon us mortal men. Man is by nature and by vocation a religious seeker. He is by temperament and by essence a machinery of anxiety, and consists of powers we otherwise only see in thunderstorms. Man seeks the spiritual augmentation of *being-here*, and is only full when he lives freely in tune with God, and without this reality, man is the seat of sickness, a twitcher in spiritual cramps. Only in salvific embrace of God's various realities he can be redeemed. Beware of those who turn their back on transcendence and pursue wealth and class as some pathetic means of compensation. And salute those who turn their back on the simple complaints of existential peasants in pursuit of stronger ideals. When man fails to yield to the common docile delirium, he is doing God's work.

Man must find himself sometimes at no point of reference aloof and he must stumble across landscapes to find there a sense of adventure and a sense of unlocking, and to find there some manner of spiritual achievement or at least the honest ambition towards it, in order to frankly tolerate, let alone appreciate, the often disheartening, disillusioning element of randomness that attaches to the human condition. In order to muster a meaning to living and to strike the warrior's pose afront the inconsistencies and ambiguities of fate, man must feel alive, not merely in function but also in spirit. Total peace and equilibrium bores man to despair, and predictability is a close false friend. Scorn adventure and dismiss risk all you want – it stands as the totem nevertheless, by which you and your culture worships humanity as a positive. Life is a force with a powerful and mysterious substrate, and it cultivates in that undergrowing innerness, and it breathes from this innerness life through its hundred gyres, roaring through a hundred different oceans. Like abyssic holes with fangs watery, Typhonian, tumbling Tiamat's currents from all these gyres with terrific mouths and openings! Which ones, then, could we trust to be a mouth of love? Of possibility, of hope, of faith and of opportunity? And which, by the same token, is a gluttonous maw of misfortune? We can not know. This is the human condition. The human condition is to find out.

There is a great Holy bliss in willfully undertaken labor. Discipline makes freedom, struggle is required, sacrifice ordained, no matter what the hedonists, the nihilists and the indiscriminate fatties and self-lovers would otherwise suggest. Personal, existential singularity is a sorry delusion if life is not lived fiercely in the breath of the living God. Only in spiritual warfare God grants uniqueness, character, distinction, true Selfhood. In religious radicalization the individual is forged.

You think religion is a matter of life and death? I can assure you, it's way more serious than that!

Away from God in the cold wastes of cosmic steppe we are all but mechanic parts, bolts and screws, in an endless and hopeless industry of conformity. Without God, every story of every human being is but another chapter or another episode in an ever sequence of cyclical life carrying on and on with a grinding, boring, never-ending repetition. We see death, we see sorrow, we see darkness. Eternal circle of existential pessimism. Lovecraftian cosmic hopelessness. We see sin, debauchery, breaches and transgressions. Perversion, corruption, it never ends. Deception, evil manipulation. Sadism and malicious violence. But this depressive and transitory, confusing and abrasive nature of the material world and its constituents does not negate or otherwise impeach the reality of Divinity. No bitterness kills God. No resentment kills God either. The mills of God grind in bewildering and mysterious ways and in the most stupendous of possible ways. Hopeless for man to appreciate, these ways are. A fine flour of truth is ever all that remains, notwithstanding our ability or inability to discern what this truth truly means and existentially implies to us. I believe that truth is truth, no matter how man finds it. Because it is so, that the mills of God grind a fine flour of truth. And it is a most holy and holy truth! And it is holy precisely because it can not be relative. Only human interpretations can be of a relative nature — never the substrate which feeds them. This is my basic apprehension — an immature conjecture on the ontology of things, i concede that, and i can call it immature myself, i concede that too, but i can never call it inauthentic — calling it inauthentic would be inauthentic — and God would never concede that! Because i have a zealous faith in truth! I believe that truth really exists in this world. What works is always better than what doesn't. The truth of beauty is always more beautiful than the truth of cruelty and ugliness—both, however, existent. Sin is sin and sweet is sweet and salt is salt and truth is truth, no matter how piss-minded feeble freaks of this world try to drag and drown it in the stinky offal muck out of which they themselves arose as envious, woeful beings filled with rage; exasperation.

We can think what we want about it — nevertheless, the mills of God keep grinding. Yes. On and on and on the mills of God grind eternity from time itself! Mills of truth, mills of meaning, mills of life and death. Of perfect, divine justice approximated to a frail, languished world in sickness, in sin and in destitution! Yes; the mills of God grind fine and the opaque mechanics by which they do is not for us to be wise about; but be sure it grinds and grinds and grinds no matter what you think of it; no matter what kind of abomination of atheism and nihilism you can abstractly conceive in attack of it; no matter what time it takes, no matter how long a process, grind and grind and grind it shall; on and on and on the mills of God grind eternity from time itself! And this truth it grinds, it is a finest powder, so fine we can not see it with our naked eyes or minds; so fine we barely sense it with the tips of our rotting fingers; so true it conquers falsehoods in every shape and form; and so true it ever lasts no matter which cynical human theory we apply to it and through which we tell ourselves we understand it. We tell ourselves we can understand lots of things we really do not; this is a civilizatory trademark of sardonic bravado only man – no beast nor angel – can guilt himself with. I understand now that human doubt is a thick, woven lampistry covering Gods' light, and that the modernists and the atheists mistake that very doubt with the non-existence of God itself. And it cannot be that simple. It simply can't. I refuse belief in it.

Should matter be but some dense concentration of meaningless existence, with human life and its tremendous suffering some unfortunate epiphenomena of it? Is there an elemental nullity of value burning absently at the core of the human experience? I must repudiate these ideas since it indirectly kills the soul. But perishability and disappointment are ghosts haunting me without stopping: is the existential invariability and genetic and biological predeterminisms of human nature so constricting as to be called a prison, therefore hopeless? And are even our faiths and beliefs regulated by dull, worldly mechanisms, our emotions, our values, our dreams, some static on some frequency somewhere? Our hearts, mere muscles pumping fluid...our souls, illusions of consciousness? No - I cannot entertain the silly reductionism that the world and its constituencies is but a transitory, wholly meaningless sort of assemblage of random elements and parts. Instead, I am trying to syncretize a kind of existentialist philosophy, Kierkegaard abridged to Nietzsche, with the unhinged fervor and devotion the Holy Virgin and the one true God. I do not want a religion of community, because all social aspects of religion are religious, not Religious. Religion is always personal, while religion can be something different. The transformative symbolism of religion is as real as it is potent and mightily fearsome. As you interpret religion symbolically, you do not reduce God to mere psychology, which has been a criticism – no, instead you elevate the psyche towards God.

There must exist a *cryptophasic* and personal relationship, wholly unique and felt right there in the heart, between Man and this Truth; we call it Holy Spirit. I was at a personal religious crossroads whether or not to accept the Nicene creed. I firmly believe in God and the Holy Spirit but feel that I cannot fully stand by the ethics of Jesus nor can I spiritually accept neither the Chalcedonian nor the Nicaean definition that was rooted, established, dogmatized and eventually thrust upon, following those hundred decades of dialogue, struggle, faith and persecution in the wake of the death of the Christ. I recognize Jesus as an impressive and insightful man, a prophet - maybe - but a prophet nevertheless amongst other prophets. I accept Jesus as historical and religious reality, but I discard much of his moral teaching and denounce his Nicaean nature: I simply cannot hold faith in his divinity and his alleged sonhood to very God, the holiest, the highest. But is that to believe—or not to believe—in Jesus Christ? Or is that to believe in Jesus, but not in Christ? I think I consider Jesus Christ of Nazareth a kind of prophet, but only one amongst countless others through the times, but as much prophet as he was, he is no Lord or no God, although I think maybe he was to some extent in tune with God (or precisely: in tune with a certain loving aspect of God). Jesus Christ is a saint of empathy, a holy man of mercy, but he is himself not Lord. At least to me he is not. And if he is, he is my Lord in such a way I cannot consciously and autonomously recognize. On Christological matters I further dwell - tenets of Arianism confuse and confound me. A fierce meta-Christian heterodoxy I lay root to in my theological heart of hearts, and I still am not sure whether any hypostatic union between flesh and God took place in Bethlehem...

Jesus Christ, I believe, did not always exist; neither physically nor in some Divine or even metaphysical sense. Rather, I think he was created within time and by God. If God has gifted the Holy Virgin with the birth of his Son, the Son must have had a beginning of existence, a birth-pang, a conception at least somewhere in time and space, no? Therefore, there was a time when the Son was not, and therefore also, Jesus Christ was never co-eternal with God. And that would logically and theologically make him, simply put, not God. However, I certainly believe he existed as person and that his place as timeless moral teacher and as spiritual guide is there for good reason, especially considering what happened with Christianity after Jesus died, and what derision came to the teachings of Christ, and what became of it in context and relation to society and history. I think (Western-democratic) societies need the Christian moral system in order for them to function to the fuller extent of their capacities, but I do not think i need it as an individual, and there is a great and important distinction to be made there. However, I confess that I am to a great extent mythologically Christian because accept much of the baseline Abrahamic world-view... Ultimately, at last, I reject much of its ethics and put instead more emphasis on

the Devil-Accuser and the forces of darkness and revenge as pivotal constituents of a mighty religious reality. I entertain the idea that the Devil is a great and terrible avatar of the true God: a deity of rebellion, entropy, malevolence, individuality, vengeance and destruction. I can say that on many days and many nights I have dreamt about being a terrorist in the name of the Devil's most hated, most feared, most extreme form - malevolence. To destroy, to murder and to torment living beings and things for the sake of evil itself. No ideology, no manifesto, no political agenda – only the uncontrolled, violent and hysterical devotion & worship of the most hideous incarnation of the one & true Devil. But I wouldn't. It's not worth it for me. It is not my path. I am too much of a coward anyways, and I possess pathological levels of empathy - I am too emotional. But the fantasies to perform these Satanic works of art have surely been strong and vivid through-out the days of my youth. However, I have since abandoned this kind of radical anti-life devil-worship for a spiritual career with aims of stoic strength and zealous virtue instead. And from my pulpit the silver tongue slithers: I am surely no longer at a religious crossroads whether or not to accept the Nicene creed, as I once was. I will not accept it, but I will not mock and deride it either, for I dive the depth of respect for its tradition, and I drink deep the waters of Christianity— but in my own unique way. But I will say, a religion of peace is no religion at all. And Pope Urban II would have certainly agreed! But not even he, I am sure, would agree with this: The Devil is as important as God! (yet the Devil is part of God.). And here shines my schism with mainstream Christianity the clearest and most obvious — because I worship the Devil and I do it honestly! Is it not so that if the devil punishes the wicked in hell, Christians ought to worship the devil? Or are they not the flagbearers of justice they appear to be? Did they forget that the Accuser works for God? In the real world, often times the Devil, not some angel, will carry out the justice, the punishment, in practice. Yes, I think this is the very fundamental problem with Christianity: the absolute and persistent refusal to accept the dark as something part of the Divine. And I think this extends to some degree to all Abrahamic creeds. This categorical and axiomatic rejection of the Devil-principle as a Holy principle is not a rejection I can theologically respect or accept—not even in the slightest. Is it not so, that if the devil comes to torment the rapists of nuns and the stranglers of children, then he too ought to be a part of God's sacred design? A religion not dispensing with the mighty devil, ha-Shaitan, the Accuser of God, is no religion at all.